

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



HARRY TRYON IN PRISON.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE PRISON SHIP.—THE GREAT MINISTER.—
A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

SOME way up the Thames lay a large hulk. Her decks were housed in, her hull was black; she bore but little resemblance to the stout ship she had once been, except from the ports which were to be seen on either side. They were very thickly grated. It was the prison ship. Low down in one of the dark

cells below the water-line, with manacles on his ankles, lay Harry Tryon. His cheeks had become pale, his eye had lost much of its brightness, but hope had not altogether died within him. Still he was fully sensible of the dangerous position in which he was placed. He had become of late a wiser and a sadder man than he had ever been before. Still as day after day passed by and no friends came near him, his spirits sank lower and lower.

"Have they all deserted me?" he said to himself, clasping his hands. "Mr. Kyffin would not, I am

sure, and Mabel—she knows nothing of my desperate state. Would that I had written to her. Some effort might have been made to save me; but I could not bear the thought of writing to her as a felon, to let her hand touch the paper smelling of this foul prison. Better far that I should die unknown. When the wretched Andrew Brown is run up to the yard-arm there will be no one to mourn him, and Harry Tryon may disappear without a stain of disgrace upon the name."

He attempted to rise—he could do so with difficulty—to take a few turns up and down the narrow cell. Scarcely ever was he left in silence. There was the ripple of the water against the ship's side; above him the steps of other prisoners as they, like him, paced to and fro. Now and then there were shouts and cries of men driven to despair by their approaching fate, others singing and shouting with careless indifference. It was weary work that prison walk, for the chains were heavy. The gyves hurt his legs. Again he sat himself down, and clasped his hands upon his knees.

"Death! death will be welcome!" he exclaimed, "the only termination to my misery and shame."

As he thus sat his ears caught the sound of footsteps moving along the passage outside. The lock in the heavy door moved, it opened, and a bright light which dazzled his eyes burst in.

"They are come," he thought, "to carry me off."

"I am ready," he said, starting up, expecting to see the gaoler and the guard of soldiers. Instead, as his eyes recovered their vision, he saw standing before him his ever faithful guardian Roger Kyffin. He sprang forward, then stopped for a moment and hung down his head.

"You cannot come to own a wretched convict like me," he exclaimed, in a tone of sadness.

"Do not say that, Harry," answered Mr. Kyffin, stepping forward and taking his hands. "Not a moment's rest or happiness have I enjoyed since I learned the dangerous position in which you were placed. Do not doubt the regard I must ever have for you. I have discovered how you have been deceived, and how you were induced to desert your truest friend; I have therefore every excuse for you. I have learned that even in this instance you are guiltless of disloyalty, and, believe me, Harry, however guilty you have been, I should still have looked upon you as a son."

"You make me desire once more to live," exclaimed Harry, for the first time perhaps in his life bursting into tears. "I thought no one cared for me. I was prepared to die unknown and unlamented; and oh! tell me, Mr. Kyffin, does Mabel know of my condition?—has she discarded me?"

His voice trembled. He looked eagerly in his guardian's face for a reply.

"No, Harry, indeed she has not discarded you. She is true-hearted."

"Is there any hope for me—must I suffer as so many unhappy men have done?" gasped out Harry.

"There is hope, my boy. I cannot say for a certainty that you will be saved. Mabel herself obtained from the King a request to his ministers that your life should be spared, and I have seen the governor of the prison, and he believes it confers sufficient authority on him not to deliver you up till his Majesty's pleasure shall be further known."

Mr. Kyffin then explained to Harry more clearly the particulars of which the reader is already aware.

Harry Tryon sank down on his knees, and thanked Heaven from the depth of his heart for the prospect of a release from the ignominious death for which he had been prepared. Alas! he had not often truly prayed. His grandmother had not attempted to teach him even a form of prayer, and seldom during the life he spent in London had he ever dared to kneel to ask a blessing of his Heavenly Father. He had now, however, learned an important lesson. He had felt his utter helplessness and weakness, and had discovered that when lifting up his heart to God he received a strength and courage which he could by no other means have obtained.

"And Mabel! bless her for what she has done for me! But oh! Mr. Kyffin, tell me where is she, how is she?"

"She bears up wonderfully," answered Mr. Kyffin, "and even now she and her kind friend Mrs. Barbara Thornborough have gone to Mr. Pitt to endeavour, if possible, to see him, and obtain his warrant for your liberation."

"Then I am sure she will succeed," exclaimed Harry joyfully.

"Do not raise your hopes too high, my boy, and yet I would wish to support and encourage you," remarked Mr. Kyffin. "My stay with you now must be short, as I promised to meet Miss Everard after she had had an interview with the minister. Even should he refuse, we must not lose heart. We must bring other influence to bear on him. However, Harry, I know you too well to think that there is any necessity to urge you not to despair. And now farewell. I purpose to return before long. I hope to bring good news, but you must not be disappointed if it is not as good as we wish. This mutiny, so happily quelled, has been very serious, and might have proved most disastrous to the country. The nation therefore is naturally little inclined to look with leniency on those who took a part in it, especially on the leaders; and from your having been associated with Parker, you, in the ordinary course, could scarcely expect a pardon."

Mr. Kyffin was gone, and Harry was once more left to his own thoughts. The hours passed wearily by, they seemed longer than any during his imprisonment. Sleep would not visit his eyelids. Anxiously he listened for every sound, hoping for the speedy return of his friend.

Meantime Mabel, who had parted from Mr. Kyffin at Mr. Thornborough's house after their return from Windsor, prepared to set out with Mrs. Barbara, attended by the two seamen and Paul, to Mr. Pitt's house at Putney. She waited but a short time to obtain a little refreshment which Mistress Barbara urged on her, and together they drove towards the residence of the minister, while Mr. Kyffin proceeded down the river to pay the visit to Harry which has been described.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at the villa. The two ladies, sending up their names, earnestly requested that they might be admitted. Mr. Pitt was very much engaged, and could receive no visitors.

"Is Lady Hester at home?" asked Mrs. Barbara. "Her ladyship may remember me," she observed, turning to Mabel; "if she does, she will, I think, see us, and through her we may press our suit on her uncle."

The two ladies waited anxiously for the return of the servant.

"Lady Hester will see you, ladies," was the reply, and Mabel and her friend descended from the carriage.

They were ushered into a handsome drawing-room, where Lady Hester was seated alone at a writing-table.

"I remember you, Mistress Thornborough," she said, rising and coming forward in a gracious manner. "Tell me, to what cause am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"My young friend here will explain it to you," said Mrs. Barbara, now introducing Mabel. "One in whom she is deeply interested has been implicated in the late mutiny at the Nore, and in consequence of proper evidence not having been brought forward which would have proved that he acted under compulsion, he has been condemned to death. We have seen his Majesty, who was acquainted with the young gentleman, and have now come, wishing to see Mr. Pitt, with two seamen of the ship on board which he served, who can clearly prove that he was an unwilling participator in what took place. Still time is pressing."

"I can hold out but slight hopes of Mr. Pitt's interference," answered Lady Hester. "He sees the importance of preventing the recurrence of such a mutiny by striking a wholesome terror into the minds of the seamen."

"But surely he would not wish an innocent person to suffer!" exclaimed Mabel. "He can be proved innocent, believe me, your ladyship. The King himself is convinced that he is so. Let me entreat you to beg Mr. Pitt to grant a pardon to this young man."

"You take a warm interest in him," said Lady Hester, looking at Mabel somewhat harshly.

"Yes, indeed I do, I have known him from his youth," answered Mabel. "He is true and loyal, and would never have aided so dangerous a conspiracy as this appears to have been, to destroy the naval power of England."

Lady Hester seemed to relent as she gazed at the young girl. "I am ready to believe you," she answered, "that this young man is innocent. Tell me, how came he to be on board ship in the capacity of an ordinary seaman?"

Mabel blushed and hesitated.

"Oh, I see how it was," said Lady Hester; "and now you repent. I will see Mr. Pitt, and give him your statement of the case."

"Then may I beg you to deliver this letter from his Majesty at the same time?" said Mabel, presenting the King's note.

Lady Hester took the paper, and remarked, as she rose to leave the room, "It may have weight with my uncle, but, at the same time, even the King himself cannot turn him from his will when he has once made up his mind."

Once more the ladies were left in doubt and anxiety. Mabel could not hope much from Lady Hester's manner. Mrs. Barbara, who had seen her before, argued favourably. Lady Hester was some time absent.

At length the door opened, and she returned, followed by a slightly-built gentleman, scarcely yet of middle age, whose bright eye and broad forehead betokened intellect of no ordinary kind. His manner was somewhat stiff and formal as, bowing to the ladies who had risen at the entrance of Lady Hester, he took his seat near them.

"You come with a request from his Majesty, I

understand, to beg me to interfere in the case of one of the mutineers of the Nore. His Majesty's commands have always great influence with me; at the same time, you must understand that the matter is one of a most serious character. A great many men have been pardoned who really took a part in the mutiny by supporting their leaders. If the leaders themselves are pardoned, the men will think that, after all, the crime they committed was a slight one," he observed, in a tone of voice which made Mabel's heart sink within her.

"But, oh! sir," she exclaimed, pressing her hands before her in a pleading attitude, "but this young man, Andrew Brown, for by that name he is known, was not guilty of any evil intentions."

Mabel repeated the statement she had already made to the King.

"You plead his cause earnestly, young lady," said the minister, "and right well too. Let me see these witnesses, and if they give a satisfactory statement, I will recommend the young man as a fit subject for his Majesty's clemency. I cannot reverse the judgment of the court, you must remember. If that condemned him, condemned he must be, but his Majesty can exert his prerogative of mercy, and both save his life and obtain his release."

"Oh! thank you, sir, thank you," exclaimed Mabel, expressing by her looks more than by her words what she felt.

The minister rang the bell, and ordered the two seamen to be admitted. In a short time there was a scuffling outside. The door opened, and Jacob Tuttle and Jack Veal appeared, one urging on the other, as if neither liked to be the first to enter. They held their hats in their hands, pulling away at their locks as they would have done addressing an officer on the quarter-deck. Lady Hester looked on with an amused countenance as the minister cross-questioned them as to the part their shipmate had taken in the mutiny.

"He took no part at all, please you, sir, for I don't call writing letters with a pistol held at a man's head taking part in the mutiny, and I know for certain that he hated it as much as any one. Besides, sir, when we proposed striking the red flag, and carrying the ship up the river, he heartily joined the loyal part of the crew, and a pretty severe tussle we had, too, before we got possession of the ship and handed it over to the officers."

Jack Veal corroborated what Jacob had said, and Mr. Pitt drew forth a considerable amount of further evidence which satisfied him that if these witnesses spoke the truth, Andrew Brown's guilt was not of a nature to merit death. At last he turned to Mabel.

"I have no hesitation in recommending his Majesty to pardon the young man in whom you are interested. His story is, I have no doubt, a romantic one, and I do not wish to add to the romance by allowing him to finish his career at the yard-arm. You need have no fear, therefore, young lady, on that score. I will send down a reprieve, and will also give you a paper, which will secure a full pardon for your friend on being signed by his Majesty. I must wish you good evening, and I am glad that my niece, Lady Hester, who is staying with me for a few days, has brought the matter before my notice."

Without waiting to hear the expressions of gratitude which Mabel and Mrs. Barbara felt disposed to pour forth, the great minister left the room. Lady

Hester warmly congratulated them on the success of their mission, and assured them that she cordially sympathised with them. Jacob, forgetting where he was, on hearing that Harry was to be pardoned, threw up his hat, and in his delight uttered a loud shout, exclaiming,—

"Bless you, my lady! Bless Mr. Pitt, and the King, and all the Royal Family! If I had as many lives as a cat, I would gladly spend them all in the service of so good a King and so noble a minister."

On entering the carriage, Mabel sank back into the arms of Mrs. Barbara, and gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears.

"Oh, he will be saved!" she exclaimed; "I scarcely dared hope it till now."

At length Mabel appeared somewhat to recover her composure, and worn out by anxiety of mind and the fatigue she had gone through, at length sank to sleep in the arms of her friend. They did not reach home till a late hour. Scarcely conscious, Mabel was carried to bed. Her dreams were far more happy than they had been for many a day. She and her kind friend looked forward with anxiety to the return of Mr. Kyffin on the following day. He arrived before noon with the intelligence that the governor of the prison had received the minister's reprieve for Harry. That afternoon had been fixed for the review of the volunteers in Hyde Park. Mabel felt sure that his Majesty would, if he had an opportunity, immediately sign the pardon which the minister had given her.

It was a lovely day. The sun shone brightly forth from an unclouded sky, and from the various avenues of approach troops marched up to the ground preceded by their bands of music and colours flying—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The most numerous corps was that of the City Light Horse. Some of the companies, however, were dismounted and marched on foot. Others came in long cars, with their rifles between their knees, while a band of well-equipped horsemen rode up at the head of the regiment, their glittering arms and handsome dresses distinguishing them from the men of other corps. The privates, as well as the officers, were all gentlemen, a considerable number of them men of fortune and independence. One spirit animated every regiment alike—ardent love of their country, and a determination, if called upon, to fight bravely and to die in her defence.

Mr. Kyffin and Mabel waited for a favourable opportunity of approaching the King, for Mabel's anxiety would brook no delay, and she was afraid that he might return to Windsor without signing the paper.

At length the King drew up, preparatory to the troops marching past. The time seemed favourable, as there was an open space near his Majesty by which she could approach. Dressed in deep mourning, and leaning on Mr. Kyffin's arm, her countenance radiant with beauty, her colour heightened by excitement, she drew near to the King. One of the equerries observing her, inquired what she wanted.

"It is not the right moment to approach his Majesty," he answered.

The King, hearing what was said, turned his head, and seeing her, exclaimed,—

"Ah! my dear young lady, how can I help you? What is it? Will not Mr. Pitt advise me to pardon the young mutineer?"

"Oh! yes, your Majesty. He has given me a

proper document which only requires your Majesty's signature, but every moment is of consequence. It is cruel to have him kept in that dreadful prison, and I dread lest by any mistake he may be carried off and executed."

Mabel could scarcely bring herself to utter these words. The King smiled.

"No fear of that, I trust, my sweet young lady, but I will sign the paper. Go and wait for me at St. James's; as soon as this affair is over I will come there. Lord So-and-so," he said, turning to one of his equerries, "remind me that I have a paper to sign; it is for that young lady; you will not forget it now."

The equerry turned to Mabel and bowed low.

The colour which had left her cheeks rose again in them, for the look cast on her was full of intense admiration. Mr. Kyffin whispered to Mabel that she must not press the matter further, and bowing to the King, who gave a kind parting word to Mabel, they retired from among the glittering throng of military officers.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CLOSE OF THE POST-PLIOCENE, AND ADVENT OF MAN.

In closing these sketches it may seem unsatisfactory not to link the geological ages with the modern period in which we live; yet, perhaps, nothing is more complicated or encompassed with greater difficulties or uncertainties. The geologist, emerging from the study of the older monuments of the earth's history, and working with the methods of physical science, here meets face to face the archæologist and historian, who have been tracing back in the opposite direction, and with very different appliances, the stream of human history and tradition. In such circumstances conflicts may occur, or at least the two paths of inquiry may refuse to connect themselves without concessions unpleasant to the pursuers of one or both. Further, it is just at this meeting-place that the dim candle of traditional lore is almost burnt out in the hand of the antiquary, and that the geologist finds his monumental evidence becoming more scanty and less distinct. We cannot hope as yet to dispel all the shadows that haunt this obscure domain, but can at least point out some of the paths which traverse it.

In attempting this, we may first classify the time involved as follows:—(1) The earlier Post-pliocene period of geology may be called the *Glacial* era. It is that of a cold climate, accompanied by glaciation and boulder deposits. (2) The later Post-pliocene may be called the *Post-glacial* era. It is that of re-elevation of the continents and restoration of a mild temperature. It connects itself with the pre-historic period of the archæologist, inasmuch as remains of man and his works are apparently included in the same deposits which hold the bones of Post-glacial animals. (3) The *Modern* era is that of secular human history.

It may be stated with certainty that the Pliocene period of geology affords no trace of human remains or implements; and the same may I think be affirmed of the period of glaciation and subsidence

which constitutes the earlier Post-pliocene. With the rise of the land out of the Glacial sea indications of man are believed to appear, along with remains of several mammalian species now his contemporaries. Archæology and geology thus meet somewhere in the pre-historic period of the former, and in the Post-glacial of the latter. Wherever, therefore, human history extends farthest back, and geological formations of the most modern periods exist and have been explored, we may expect best to define their junctions. Unfortunately, it happens that our information on these points is still very incomplete and locally limited. In many extensive regions, like America and Australia, while the geological record is somewhat complete, the historic record extends back at most a few centuries, and the pre-historic monuments are of uncertain date. In other countries, as in Western Asia and Egypt, where the historic record extends very far back, the geology is less perfectly known. At the present moment, therefore, the main battlefield of these controversies is in Western Europe, where, though history scarce extends farther back than the time of the Roman Republic, the geologic record is very complete, and has been explored with some thoroughness. It is obvious, however, that we thus have to face the question at a point where the pre-historic gap is necessarily very wide.

Taking England as an example, all before the Roman invasion is pre-historic, and with regard to this pre-historic period the evidence that we can obtain is chiefly of a geological character. The pre-historic men are essentially fossils. We know of them merely what can be learned from their bones and implements imbedded in the soil or in the earth of the caverns in which some of them sheltered themselves. For the origin and date of these deposits the antiquary must go to the geologist, and he imitates the geologist in arranging his human fossils under such names as the "Palæolithic," or period of rude stone implements; the "Neolithic," or period of polished stone implements; the Bronze Period, and the Iron Period; though inasmuch as higher and lower states of the arts seem always to have co-existed, and the time involved is comparatively short, these periods are of far less value than those of geology. In Britain the age of iron is in the main historic. That of bronze goes back to the times of early Phœnician trade with the south of England. That of stone, while locally extending far into the succeeding ages, reaches back into an unknown antiquity, and is, as we shall see in the sequel, probably divided into two by a great physical change, though not in the abrupt and arbitrary way sometimes assumed by those who base their classification solely on the rude or polished character of stone implements. We must not forget, however, that in Western Asia the ages of bronze and iron may have begun two thousand years at least earlier than in Britain, and that in some parts of America the Palæolithic age of chipped stone implements still continues. We must also bear in mind that when the archæologist appeals to the geologist for aid, he thereby leaves that kind of investigation in which dates are settled by years, for that in which they are marked merely by successive physical and organic changes.

Turning, then, to our familiar geological methods, and confining ourselves mainly to the northern hemisphere and to Western Europe, two pictures present themselves to us: (1) The physical changes

preceding the advent of man; (2) The decadence of the land animals of the Post-pliocene age, and the appearance of those of the Modern.

In the last paper, I had to introduce the reader to a great and terrible revolution, whereby the old Pliocene continents, with all their wealth of animals and plants, became sealed up in a mantle of Greenland ice, or, slowly sinking beneath the level of the sea, were transformed into an ocean-bottom over which icebergs bore their freight of clay and boulders. We also saw that as the Post-pliocene age advanced, the latter condition prevailed, until the waters stood more than a thousand feet deep over the plains of Europe. In this great glacial submergence, which closed the earlier Post-pliocene period, and over vast areas of the northern hemisphere terminated the existence of many of the noblest forms of life, it is believed that man had no share. We have, at least as yet, no record of his presence.

Out of these waters the land again rose slowly and intermittently, so that the receding waves worked even out of hard rocks ranges of coast cliff which the further elevation converted into inland terraces, and that the clay and stones deposited by the Glacial waters were in many places worked over and rearranged by the tides and waves of the shallowing sea before they were permanently raised up to undergo the action of the rains and streams, while long banks of sand and gravel were stretched across plains and the mouths of valleys, constituting "kames," or "eskers," only to be distinguished from moraines of glaciers by the stratified arrangement of their materials.

Further, as the land rose, its surface was greatly and rapidly modified by rains and streams. There is the amplest evidence, both in Europe and America, that at this time the erosion by these means was enormous in comparison with anything we now experience. The rainfall must have been excessive, the volume of water in the streams very great; and the facilities for cutting channels in the old Pliocene valleys, filled to the brim with mud and boulder-clay, were unprecedented. While the area of the land was still limited, much of it would be high and broken, and it would have all the dampness of an insular climate. As it rose in height, plains which had, while under the sea, been loaded with the *débris* swept from the land would be raised up to experience river erosion. It was the spring-time of the Glacial era, a spring eminent for its melting snows, its rains, and its river floods.* To an observer living at this time it would have seemed as if the slow process of moulding the continents was being pushed forward with unexampled rapidity. The valleys were ploughed out and cleansed, the plains levelled and overspread with beds of alluvium, giving new features of beauty and utility to the land, and preparing the way for the life of the Modern period, as if to make up for the time which had been lost in the dreary Glacial age. It will readily be understood how puzzling these deposits have been to geologists, especially to those who fail to present to their minds the true conditions of the period; and how difficult it is to separate the river alluvia of this age from the deposits in the seas and estuaries, and these again from the older Glacial beds. Further, in not a few instances the animals of a cold climate must have lived in close proximity to those which belonged to

* Mr. Tylor has well designated this period as the "Pluvial" age.—"Journal of the Geological Society," 1870.

ameliorated conditions, and the fossils of the older Post-pliocene must often, in the process of sorting by water, have been mixed with those of the newer.

Many years ago the brilliant and penetrating intellect of Edward Forbes was directed to the question of the maximum extent of the later Post-pliocene or Post-glacial land; and his investigations into the distribution of the European flora in connection with the phenomena of submerged terrestrial surfaces, led to the belief that the land had risen until it was both higher and more extensive than at present. At the time of greatest elevation, England was joined to the continent of Europe by a level plain, and a similar plain connected Ireland with its sister islands. Over these plains the plants constituting the "Germanic" flora spread themselves into the area of the British Islands, and herds of mammoth, rhinoceros, and Irish elk wandered and extended their range from east to west. The deductions of Forbes have been confirmed and extended by others; and it can scarcely be doubted that in the Post-glacial era, the land regained fully the extent which it had possessed in the time of the Pliocene. In these circumstances the loftier hills might still reach the limits of perpetual snow, but their glaciers would no longer descend to the sea. What are now the beds of shallow seas would be vast wooded plains, drained by magnificent rivers, whose main courses are now submerged, and only their branches remain as separate and distinct streams. The cold but equable climate of the Post-pliocene would now be exchanged for warm summers, alternating with sharp winters, whose severity would be mitigated by the dense forest covering, which would also contribute to the due supply of moisture, preventing the surface from being burnt into arid plains.

It seems not improbable that it was when the continents had attained to their greatest extension, and when animal and vegetable life had again overspread the new land to its utmost limits, that man was introduced on the eastern continent, and with him several mammalian species, not known in the Pliocene period, and some of which, as the sheep, the goat, the ox, and the dog, have ever since been his companions and humble allies. These, at least in the west of Europe, were the "Palæolithie" men, the makers of the oldest flint implements; and armed with these, they had to assert the mastery of man over broader lands than we now possess, and over many species of great animals now extinct. In thus writing, I assume the accuracy of the inferences from the occurrence of worked stones with the bones of Post-glacial animals, which must have lived during the condition of our continents above referred to. If these inferences are well founded, not only did man exist at this time, but man not even varieties distinct from modern European races. But if man really appeared in Europe in the Post-glacial era, he was destined to be exposed to one great natural vicissitude before his permanent establishment in the world. The land had reached its maximum elevation, but its foundations, "standing in the water and out of the water," were not yet securely settled, and it had to take one more plunge-bath before attaining its modern fixity. This seems to have been a comparatively rapid subsidence and re-elevation, leaving but slender traces of its occurrence, but changing to

some extent the levels of the continents, and failing to restore them fully to their former elevation, so that large areas of the lower grounds still remained under the sea. If, as the greater number of geologists now believe, man was then on the earth, it is not impossible that this constituted the deluge recorded in that remarkable "log-book" of Noah preserved to us in Genesis, and of which traces remain in the traditions of most ancient nations. This is at least the geological deluge which separates the Post-glacial period from the Modern, and the earlier from the later pre-historic period of the archaeologists. Very important questions of time are involved in this idea of Post-glacial man, and much will depend, in the solution of these, on the views which we adopt as to the rate of subsidence and elevation of the land. If, with the majority of British geologists, we hold that it is to be measured by those slow movements now in progress, the time required will be long. If, with most continental and some American geologists, we believe in paroxysmal movements of elevation and depression, it may be much reduced. We have seen in the progress of our inquiries that the movements of the continents seem to have occurred with accelerated rapidity in the more modern periods. We have also seen that these movements might depend on the slow contraction of the earth's crust due to cooling, but that the effects of this contraction might manifest themselves only at intervals. We have further seen that the gradual retardation of the rotation of the earth furnishes a cause capable of producing elevation and subsidence of the land, and that this also might be manifested at longer or shorter intervals, according to the strength and resisting power of the crust. Under the influence of this retardation, so long as the crust of the earth did not give way, the waters would be driven toward the poles; and the northern land would be submerged; but so soon as the tension became so great as to rupture the solid shell, the equatorial regions would collapse, and the northern land would again be raised. The subsidence would be gradual, the elevation paroxysmal and perhaps intermittent. Let us suppose that this was what occurred in the Glacial period, and that the land had attained to its maximum elevation. This might not prove to be permanent; the new balance of the crust might be liable to local or general disturbance in a minor degree, leading to subsidence and partial re-elevation, following the great Post-glacial elevation. There is, therefore, nothing unreasonable in that view which makes the subsidence and re-elevation at the close of the Post-glacial period somewhat abrupt, at least when compared with some more ancient movements.

But what is the evidence of the deposits formed at this period? Here we meet with results most diverse and contradictory, but I think there can be little doubt that on this kind of evidence the time required for the Post-glacial period has been greatly exaggerated, especially by those geologists who refuse to receive such views as to subsidence and elevation as those above stated. The calculations of long time based on the gravels of the Somme, on the cone of the Tiniere, on the peat bogs of France and Denmark, on certain cavern deposits, have all been shown to be more or less at fault; and possibly none of these reach farther back than the six or seven thousand years which, according to Dr. Andrews, have elapsed since the close of the boulder-clay deposits

in America.* I am aware that such a statement will be regarded with surprise by many in England, where even the popular literature has been penetrated with the idea of a duration of the human period immensely long in comparison with what used to be the popular belief; but I feel convinced that the scientific pendulum must swing backward in this direction nearer to its old position. Let us look at a few of the facts. Much use has been made of the "cone" or delta of the Tinieres on the eastern side of the Lake of Geneva, as an illustration of the duration of the Modern period. This little stream has deposited at its mouth a mass of *débris* carried down from the hills. This being cut through by a railway, is found to contain Roman remains to a depth of four feet, bronze implements to a depth of ten feet, stone implements at a depth of nineteen feet. The deposit ceased about three hundred years ago, and calculating 1,300 to 1,500 years for the Roman period, we would have 7,000 to 10,000 years as the age of the cone. But before the formation of the present cone, another had been formed twelve times as large. Thus for the two cones together, a duration of more than 90,000 years is claimed. It appears, however, that this calculation has been made irrespective of two essential elements in the question. No allowance has been made for the fact that the inner layers of a cone are necessarily smaller than the outer; nor for the further fact that the older cone belongs to a distinct time (the pluvial age already referred to), when the rainfall was much larger, and the transporting power of the torrent great in proportion. Making allowance for these conditions, the age of the newer cone, that holding human remains, falls between 4,000 and 5,000 years. The peat bed of Abbeville, in the north of France, has grown at the rate of one and a half to two inches in a century. Being twenty-six feet in thickness, the time occupied in its growth must have amounted to 20,000 years, and yet it is probably newer than some of the gravels on the same river containing flint implements. But the composition of the Abbeville peat shows that it is a forest peat, and the erect stems preserved in it prove that in the first instance it must have grown at the rate of about three feet in a century, and after the destruction of the forest its rate of increase down to the present time diminished rapidly almost to nothing. Its age is thus reduced to perhaps less than 4,000 years. In 1865 I had an opportunity to examine the now celebrated gravels of St. Acheul, on the Somme, by some supposed to go back to a very ancient period. With the papers of Prestwich and other able observers in my hand, I could conclude merely that the undisturbed gravels were older than the Roman period, but how much older only detailed topographical surveys could prove; and that taking into account the probabilities of a different level of the land, a wooded condition of the country, a greater rainfall, and a glacial filling of the Somme valley with clay and stones subsequently cut out by running water, the gravels could scarcely be older than the Abbeville peat. To have published such views in England would have been simply to have delivered myself into the hands of the Philistines. I therefore contented myself with recording my opinion in Canada. Tylor† and Andrews‡ have, however, I think, subsequently shown that my impressions were correct.

In like manner I fail to perceive, and I think all American geologists acquainted with the pre-historic monuments of the western continent must agree with me, any evidence of great antiquity in the caves of Belgium and England, the kitchen-middens of Denmark, the rock-shelters of France, the lake habitations of Switzerland. At the same time I would disclaim all attempt to resolve their dates into precise terms of years. I may merely add that the elaborate and careful observations of Dr. Andrews on the raised beaches of Lake Michigan, observations of a much more precise character than any which, in so far as I know, have been made of such deposits in Europe, enable him to calculate the time which has elapsed since North America rose out of the waters of the Glacial period as between 5,500 and 7,500 years. This fixes at least the possible duration of the human period in North America, though I believe there are other lines of evidence which would reduce the residence of man in America to a much shorter time.*

But another question remains. From the similarities existing in the animals and plants of regions in the southern hemisphere now widely separated by the ocean, it has been inferred that Post-pliocene land of great extent existed there, and that on this land men may have lived before the continents of the northern hemisphere were ready for them. It has even been supposed that inasmuch as the flora and fauna of Australia have an aspect like that of the Eocene Tertiary, and very low forms of man exist in that part of the world, these low races are the oldest of all, and may date from Tertiary times. Positive evidence of this, however, there is none. These races have no monuments; nor, so far as known, have they left their remains in Post-pliocene deposits. It depends on the assumptions that the ruder races of men are the oldest, and that man has no greater migratory powers than other animals. The first is probably false, as being contrary to history, and also to the testimony of paleontology with reference to the laws of creation. The second is certainly false, for we know that man has managed to associate himself with every existing fauna and flora, even in modern times; and that the most modern races have pitched their tents amid tree ferns and Proteaceæ, and have hunted kangaroos and emus. Further, when we consider that the productions of the southern hemisphere are not only more antique than those of the northern, but on the whole less suited for the comfortable subsistence of man and the animals most useful to him, and that the Post-pliocene animals of the southern hemisphere were of similar types with their modern successors, we are the less inclined to believe that these regions would be selected as the cradle of the human race.

A VISIT TO KARAKAKOOA BAY.

BY AN AMERICAN SEAMAN.

A FEW years ago I was "before the stick" on a New Bedford whaler in the North Pacific. We had a long run of "greasy luck," which with whalers is good luck. Five whales had been captured and "boiled out," giving us constant employment night

* Transactions, Chicago Academy, 1871.

† Journal of Geological Society, vol. xxv.

‡ Silliman's Journal, 1868.

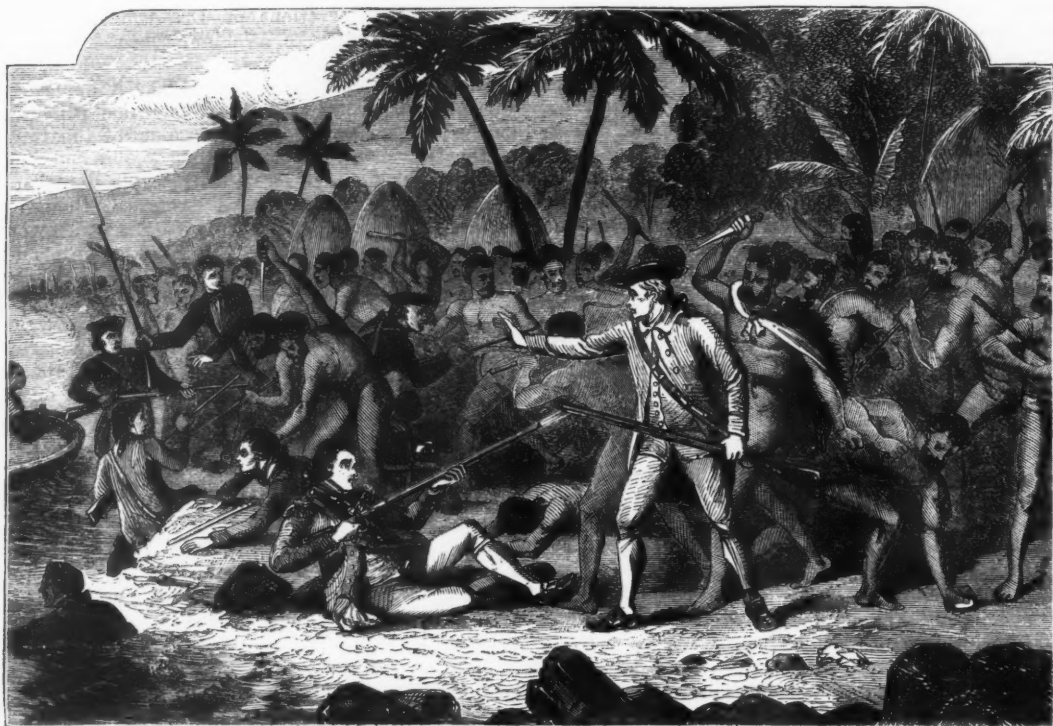
* Longer dates have been deduced from the delta of the Mississippi and the gorge of Niagara; but the former has been found to be in great part marine, and the latter to date farther back than the probable advent of man.

and day for as many weeks. All hands were then anxious to "sand a hoof," and our course was laid for Hawaii, the Owhyhee of Captain Cook, the largest of the Sandwich Island group.

Early one sunny morning we dropped anchors in Karakakooa Bay, and before noon most of the crew were wandering through the groves on the shore.

debauchery. He seemed impressed with the idea that he and his men were entitled to all they required, merely for the honour of their company.

While he was fast reducing the islanders to a state of poverty, by consuming their food, a boat was stolen from the ship "Discovery" by a native named Palu. This man had an excuse for taking



From Bartolozzi's picture.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

I was somewhat surprised, on landing, to find myself amongst a civilised people, in a land where I was told that more than three hundred and fifty public schools were established, and that many books had been published in the native language. Amongst these books are of course the Old and New Testament, and what seemed to me very singular, was that the contents of the Bible could be fully expressed or represented in a written language that has but twelve characters or letters.

Before leaving the island I went with several of my shipmates to visit the place where Captain Cook was killed. We were accompanied by a native who had apparently made the circumstances connected with the death of the great navigator the study of his life. He showed us a history of the Sandwich Islands written in the native language, and explained to us the difference between the accounts of the captain's death given by his countrymen and the English. *Kapena Kuke*, as Cook was called by the natives, was according to their account subject to the errors of frail humanity like most other people, although he was regarded by them as Rono, a god. When any complaints were made to him about the conduct of his crew he only smiled. He had no respect for the religion of the natives, and allowed his men, they said, to use their temples as places of

the boat. Some small articles had been stolen by two of the natives, and Palu's canoe was taken as a hostage for the return of the stolen property. Palu was ignorant of this, and on attempting to take his canoe was knocked down by one of the crew. The following night he took the boat, and in doing so committed no greater crime than those who took from him his canoe.

Captain Cook demanded of King Zaraopu (so the name sounded) the return of the stolen boat, but this demand could not possibly be complied with, for it had been taken to pieces for the sake of the nails. Cook then went ashore with an armed boat's crew, and tried to entice the king off to the ship, with the intention of keeping him until the boat should be returned. Had he demanded some compensation, it would have been given, but the boat could not be returned.

The chiefs and the king's wife entreated him not to go aboard the ship, and gathering around him on the way to the shore, prevailed on him to sit down.

A few minutes before this, two chiefs were crossing the bay in a canoe, and were wantonly fired at by the crew of one of the English boats, and one of the chiefs was killed.

Just as the natives were arming themselves to prevent their king from being taken away, a messenger

came and exclaimed, "It is war!" and told them of the murder of the chief.

Captain Cook then started towards his boat, and was attacked by a native with a spear. He turned and shot the native with a double-barrelled gun. The battle then commenced. The islanders began throwing stones, and the crew in the boat commenced firing on them.

The captain continued his retreat to the boat, most of the time keeping an eye on the natives. It was only when he turned from them to order the men to cease firing that he was seriously injured. A native stabbed him in the back, the knife passing

the harbour. He professed to have a grand passion for collecting useless articles, and exhibited so much reverence for the stone that I gave it to him. The next day I saw the surgeon drunk, and learnt that he had sold the stone for a bottle of *Aguardiente*.

The great fault of Captain Cook, the error for which his life was undoubtedly lost, is one I believe common to most English people. They are too apt to form their opinions of other people from the worst specimens they see, and look upon the vices of an individual as peculiar to his nation, yet they are the last people who would like this system of appreciating character applied to themselves.



into his body just under the shoulder blade. At nearly the same instant he was struck with a spear, and fell. We were shown the rock on which the captain fell, and the place to which he was immediately taken, and where he died under the shade of a cocoa-nut tree. The rock is washed by the surf, and the captain, it is said, partly fell in the water. The boat, with its crew, could have been but a few feet off, but it does not appear that the men made any attempt to recover the body. The tree under which the captain died has been cut down, but the stump still remains, and has on it several inscriptions, the most conspicuous of which is the following, written on a copper band fastened around it:—



Near this spot
fell
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.,
the
Renowned Circumnavigator,
who
Discovered these Islands,
A.D. 1778.
His Majesty's Ship,
"Imogene,"
October 17th, 1837.

Following the example of my companions, I broke off a piece of the rock on which the captain fell, and took it away as a memento of the visit. After keeping possession of this piece of rock for more than two years, I met a man in Callao, who represented himself as being the surgeon of an English ship lying in

It was this manner of forming opinions that caused Captain Cook and his men to make no distinction between the guilty and innocent amongst the natives of Hawaii. Had all not been treated as though they were guilty of the crimes committed by a few, Captain Cook would not have been killed at Karakakooa Bay.*

MR. BESSEMER'S BOAT.

WHAT has become of the wonderful boat by which Mr. Bessemer, of inventive fame, undertook to abolish sickness and other sorrows of the sea? Even between Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne, there is time for all the horrors of a middle passage. Mr. Bessemer, after having himself suffered severely, conceived the idea of so constructing the saloons of steam-vessels as not to partake of the pitching or rolling motion of the ship, but to maintain constantly the horizontal position. The attempt to lessen the motion by mere increase of size has not been successful, for the largest ships ever built roll fearfully in the Channel in rough weather.

My system, says Mr. Bessemer, in no way whatever interferes with the external form, or with the sailing qualities and safety of the vessel, the whole difference being in the internal arrangements of the ship, and is based on the well-known law that all bodies which revolve or roll, in so doing move about

* Our correspondent has given the account of the affair as he heard it on the spot, from tradition. For the full narrative of the event see "Captain Cook, his Life, Voyages, and Discoveries," by William H. G. Kingston, recently published by the Religious Tract Society. This volume is written in Mr. Kingston's popular style, and embellished with numerous illustrations.

a centre where there is no motion, and all beams that vibrate move also about a centre, from which point the distance moved through by any part of the beam is as the distance from this central point.

Now, therefore, if we make the centres about which the vessel pitches and rolls coincident with the axes on which the saloon is suspended by suitable mechanism, and provided with a heavy counterbalance weight beneath the centre of gravity, the tendency of this weight will be at all times to keep the saloon poised on the centre of the vessel's motion, and therefore free from pitching or rolling, its floor remaining always quiet and horizontal, while the vessel itself may be pitching and rolling about the centre of suspension.

The most convenient form for such a saloon is circular, surmounted by a large dome, lighted at the top with glass. It is proposed to make this circular saloon of 50ft. in diameter and 28ft. in height internally, having a gallery extending entirely around its interior at about 9ft. from the floor. A continuous couch around this gallery would accommodate 60 persons, while about 70 others would find a similar accommodation below, independently of the large space afforded by the floor of the saloon. This large and lofty apartment, although much smaller, would present somewhat the general appearance of the new reading-room at the British Museum. It would be supplied with plenty of cool, fresh air from below, which would pass off through the glass louvres in the dome; the saloon would be entirely separated from the rest of the vessel by watertight bulkheads, thus cutting off all unpleasant smells from the engines and boilers. The suspension is so arranged that the vibration of the engines and propeller cannot be transmitted to the saloon, which is also relieved from the constant thud of the waves striking against the sides of the vessel, because there is no contact between the ship's sides and the walls of the saloon. Suitable anterooms leading from the saloon are also provided for invalids, etc. The general plan also embraces the construction of raised deck platforms, so arranged that those who prefer the open air may have beneath them a steady platform free from the rolling and pitching motion of the vessel.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the means by which I propose to render the Channel passage agreeable to those who are unable or unwilling to encounter the horrors of the present mode of transit. It will be understood that the plan I propose is equally applicable, with certain modifications, to ocean passenger vessels generally. I should greatly have preferred to reduce my theory to practice before bringing it in any way under the notice of the public, but I found that the construction of my experimental vessel and the testing of its behaviour at sea would necessarily consume more valuable time than it was deemed advisable to keep the matter entirely from the knowledge of those most interested.

From the cursory view here given of the mode in which I propose to secure at all times a perfectly steady platform on board ship the scientific reader will doubtless see many grave difficulties. He will probably ask, How do you propose that passengers shall pass from the reeling deck backward and forward at all times into your quiet immovable saloon? How can you prevent a pendulous motion of the saloon from being set up by the variation in position of the centre which will occur unless your vessel rolls and pitches at all times actually on a point coincident

with the point where you have established your centre of suspension? How can you prevent the saloon from being put in motion by people moving in it from side to side? My reply to these anticipated queries is simply that each of them and many others besides have been presented to my mind in full force during the elaboration of my plans, and each has been so fully met and provided for as to offer not the slightest obstacle to that success which I believe my little ship, the "Enterprise," will fully establish when put to sea.

BRITISH HEROES AND WORTHIES.

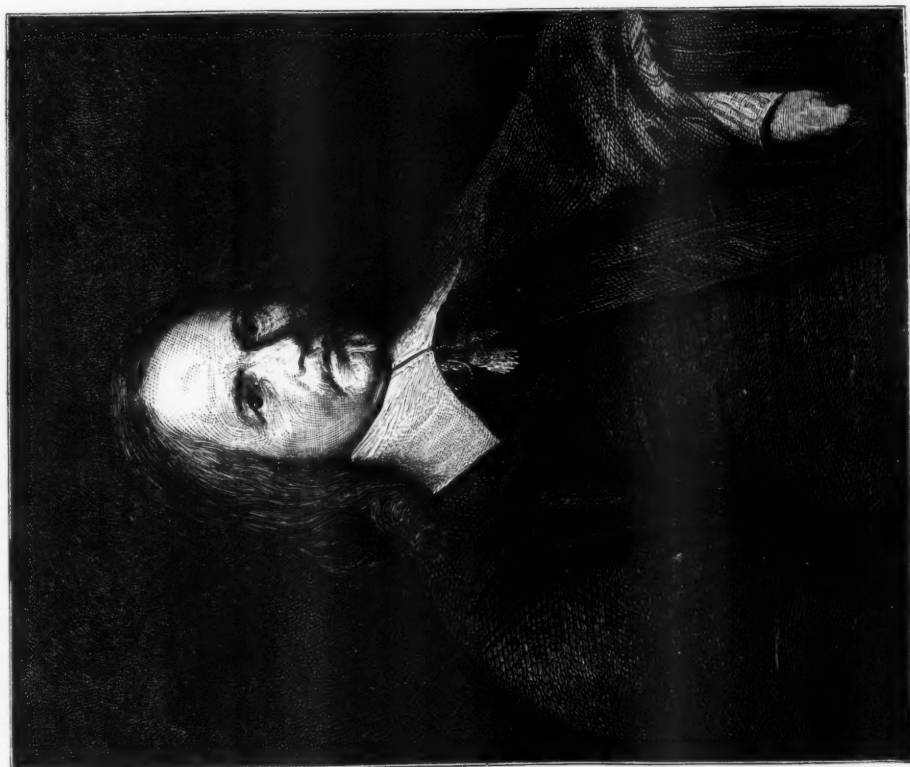
JOHN HAMPDEN.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to the characters of the leading actors in the English civil wars of the seventeenth century, all parties are agreed in their high appreciation of the abilities and patriotism of Hampden. His very name has come to be synonymous with patriotism, and his memory has been cherished as one of the most valuable possessions of the English nation.

Of his early life little need be said. He was born, it is believed, in London, in 1594; and was the eldest son of a family of country gentlemen which had been established at Hampden in Buckinghamshire since the days of Edward the Confessor. His mother was Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the famous Protector; and this relationship was not without its influence on the subsequent career of both these distinguished men. Hampden received the usual university education of a gentleman of his position; he studied at Magdalene College, Oxford, and subsequently entered himself of the Inner Temple, where he acquired, as many men of property then did, an intimate knowledge of the great features of English law. It is said by Clarendon that in his younger days he was addicted to sporting, and led a life of pleasure and gaiety—was, in fact, what would be called "a fast man;" and though this rests on the testimony of a political opponent, it may be admitted as only too probable an account of the life of a young man of considerable fortune, who had been deprived of the control of his father when he was only three years old. In 1621, Hampden entered parliament; and it is certain, whatever may have been his previous conduct, that from this period his character ceased to exhibit any stain of frivolity or dissipation. From his first appearance in parliament he was distinguished for his gravity, his calm self-command, and strictness of demeanour, tempered, however, by natural cheerfulness and by unflinching courtesy. The reign of James was then drawing to its close, amid dissensions which too plainly foreshadowed the troubles of the following reign. There was a strong party in parliament opposed to the proceedings of the Court, disgusted with its weakness and its vices, and offended with its religious tendencies; and with this party, which had for its leaders Selden, St. John, and Pym, Hampden at once allied himself. He sat in several subsequent parliaments in the reigns of James and Charles, carefully watching the progress of events, and thoroughly mastering the procedure of the House of Commons, but not acquiring any reputation as an orator. It was as a man of action, and not as an eloquent parliamentary debater, that he became known to the people of England.



JOHN HAMPDEN.



JOHN PYM.

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The temper of Charles I precipitated that rupture with the parliament which, in the changed circumstances of the nation, was perhaps inevitable. The King was determined to maintain what he believed to be the old and inalienable prerogatives of the Crown; the majority in parliament were as firmly resolved to assert what seemed to them their just position in the government of the nation. Charles demanded subsidies; the Commons answered with a list of grievances which they wished to see redressed. One parliament after another was dissolved; and the King, embarrassed by want of funds, considered himself entitled to resort to unconstitutional methods of raising the revenue. It was at this crisis that Hampden first attracted the attention of all England by his firmness in resisting the King's demands. A forced loan was being exacted, the people being asked to pay to the King at the same rate as they had formerly paid under the last subsidy authorised by parliament. Hampden refused to contribute a single farthing, and protested that the claim was a gross infringement of the plain enactment of Magna Charta; and for his boldness he was committed to prison by order of the Privy Council. He was, however, speedily released by an order of Council, and again sat as member of the last parliament which Charles summoned before the storm began. When this also was dissolved, and the King attempted to rule without the intervention of parliaments, Hampden retired to his country seat, and occupied himself in the customary pursuits of a landed gentleman of the period, waiting patiently for what hope the future might bring.

It was a time of intense anxiety to all who were interested in public affairs. Charles, unable to govern in concert with parliament, was endeavouring, under the guidance of Strafford, to rule alone; and if he should succeed in his efforts, then there was no hope of obtaining those liberties for which Hampden and his friends had so long and so boldly contended. To resist the Royal authority was fraught with danger; and yet it was clear, that unless some one had the courage to brave this danger, the Royal authority would become absolute and indisputable. Of the arbitrary methods by which Charles was at this time levying money for the service of the government, the most famous was the exaction of ship-money. Hampden set the example of refusing to pay this tax as an illegal impost, and thus exposed himself to the full brunt of the Royal indignation. The case was tried in the Exchequer Chamber, all England anxiously awaiting the result. By a very narrow majority, the judges decided against Hampden; but the moral victory, it was felt, remained with the dauntless country gentleman, whose modesty and self-restraint in such a crisis of fierce conflict excited the admiration even of his adversaries. The hostile decision of the Supreme Court seemed to Hampden to render any further struggle against the power and policy of Charles and Strafford utterly hopeless; and, along with his cousin Oliver Cromwell, and some other patriots who had begun to despair of their cause, he determined to seek for freedom by emigrating to the American colonies. It is said that they were actually on board a vessel in the Thames, when an order in Council prohibited the ship from sailing, and they were thus forcibly detained by the King for his own ultimate overthrow.

The disturbances in Scotland entirely changed the face of affairs. Charles, utterly helpless against

such an emergency, was once more compelled to summon parliament. Hampden sat as member for his native county of Buckinghamshire, and was recognised as the leader of the party opposed to the Court. Upon the proceedings of this parliament depended the prospect of peace or civil war; but they had scarcely begun their deliberations when Charles, offended at their venturing to discuss his prerogatives, precipitately dissolved them—an unhappy step, the mischief of which could never afterwards be undone. In 1540 the famous Long Parliament assembled. Hampden was, of course, one of its leading members; he had, indeed, exerted himself in the most indefatigable manner in promoting the election of men opposed to the Court; and, as Clarendon admits, "the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *patria pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it." In all the proceedings of that most notable of parliaments, Hampden took a conspicuous share; seeming to aim rather at "moderating and softening the violent and distempered humours, than inflaming them." It was not so much in debate as in the management of business that he shone. "He was not a man of many words," says his rival, "and rarely began the discourse, yet he was a very weighty speaker; and after he had heard a full debate and observed how the House was like to be inclined, he took up the argument, and shortly and clearly and craftily so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired." To his influence, therefore, may be ascribed most of the legislation of the Long Parliament; and it was fondly hoped that, under the guidance of his calm and steady mind, a safe path to peace and freedom and civil concord might be discovered. And for a time it seemed as if peace were possible. The grievances of which the people had complained were one by one redressed; the illegal taxes were repealed; the Star Chamber and the High Court of Commission were abolished; Strafford was impeached and executed; and, on the whole, a wonderful spirit of unity seemed to animate the nation, and it appeared as if the civil discord might after all be healed. The carrying of the Grand Remonstrance by the opposition party, after a long and fierce debate, reawakened the strife and dissipated all hopes of peace. Charles retaliated by an unsuccessful attempt to impeach the five members who had been most conspicuous in promoting the Remonstrance, and to have them tried for high treason before the House of Lords. He followed this up with an equally unsuccessful attempt to arrest them publicly in their place in the House of Commons. From this time both parties seemed inflamed by mutual distrust and exasperation, and matters hurried rapidly forward to that open rupture which nothing could now avert. In a few months the standard of civil war was raised, and both parties prepared themselves for the fight.

Hampden was one of the five members whom Charles had attempted to arrest; and it was observed that after being thus charged with treason, "he was much altered, his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before." When hostilities actually commenced, he entered into the contest with all the energy of his character, and would have no temporising expedients adopted. "When he drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard;" he vehemently opposed all overtures of peace,

and wished the war to be prosecuted with the utmost vigour. He himself shrank from no danger: he undertook the command of a regiment of foot which he had himself raised; and he performed the duties of colonel as assiduously as he had formerly performed his duties as a member of parliament. It is not improbable that had his life been prolonged he might have been raised to the dignity of commander-in-chief of the parliamentary army, which was subsequently conferred upon his cousin Oliver Cromwell; for Essex, the general of the army, was inactive, and was suspected to be lukewarm in the cause, and it was desirable to replace him by one whose energy and devotion were beyond suspicion. But at this very conjuncture, when his services seemed most needed by his own party, he fell in the field. On Sunday, June 18, 1643, Prince Rupert, at the head of his fiery cavaliers, had made an impetuous sally from the Royal head-quarters at Oxford, and had surprised and routed some scattered and ill-prepared regiments of the parliamentary army at Chinnor, near Thame. Hampden determined to intercept the careless Rupert on his return, and hastily gathering together a body of cavalry, he charged the Royal troopers on Chalgrove field, close to his own residence, on the very spot, as was subsequently noted, on which he had first assembled the militia of the county in array against the King. At the first onset Hampden was severely wounded; he rode out of the field in mortal agony, and, after a few days of lingering pain, expired. The next Sunday morning, June 25, he was buried in the parish church of Hampden, amidst the tears of his soldiers and the lamentations of the whole parliamentary party, who considered his death as an irreparable calamity, scarcely less serious than if their whole army had been defeated and cut off. With him perished all hope of a speedy cessation of the civil strife; for though he had entered energetically into the war and had urged its active prosecution, it was still believed that under his auspices some solid basis of peace might even yet be established; and his influence with both parties was such that while he lived reconciliation was not regarded as utterly impossible: he only, of all Englishmen, possessing that universal esteem for integrity and ability which rendered it possible for him to mediate between the King and the parliament. What higher panegyric could be uttered upon the character of Hampden than this?

JOHN PYM.

JOHN PYM, like most of the leaders in the Great Rebellion, was a country gentleman of good family and estate. He was born at Brymore, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, in 1584. When about fifteen years of age he was sent to Oxford, and entered as a gentleman-commoner at what is now known as Pembroke Hall. Though commended as a youth of quick and active intellect, he was more remarkable for the indomitable industry and tenacity with which he followed up everything which he attempted.

He left Oxford without taking a degree, and it is said that he entered at one of the Inns of Court to prepare for the bar; but this rests on insufficient authority. It is, however, certain that he possessed a complete and exhaustive knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence and of legal precedents, which subsequently proved of immense service to his party.

His familiarity with business, and with the executive departments of government, was increased by an appointment to a responsible office in the Exchequer, which he received through the patronage of the Earl of Bedford.

In 1614 he was returned to parliament as member for Calne, and there is reason to believe that he was one of the "refractory" Commons committed to the Tower for speaking against the excessive exercise of the Royal prerogative. This parliament only sat two months, and for the next six years Pym's name disappears from view. He had just married, and this interval was probably passed in retirement. In the words of Mr. Foster, "The mind does not find it difficult to imagine him strengthening himself in the calmness of domestic quiet for the absolute devotion of his great faculties and deep affections to that old cause which was now again not dimly dawning upon the world."

After six years of happy married life his wife died, leaving him with five young children. He never married again. "He took no other wife but his country."* But though absorbed by public affairs, he did not fail to watch over his own household with tender and loving care. In the breasts of not a few of the leaders of the Great Rebellion, domestic affections and public zeal burned with equal fervour.

England was then in a ferment from end to end. The principles of the Reformation were working like leaven in the public mind. Some maintained that the zeal of the first Reformers had carried them too far, and they desired to diminish or efface the lines of demarcation between Protestantism and Romanism. Others censured the lukewarmness and half-heartedness of the men who had guided the movement in England. They held that Cranmer and his associates had stopped short of the true goal, and they strove to carry the work forward to completion. These questions were discussed in every parish, almost in every family, in Great Britain; and they were not discussed as dry and abstract dogmas of theology. All the interests of society felt their influence. Social organisation, colonisation, commerce, national and international politics, were all affected by them. Pym was to take his stand amongst the foremost fighters in the struggle which was inevitable.

He was again returned for Calne in the parliament which met in 1620, and at once took a place among the leaders of the Protestant and Constitutional party. He was one of the twelve commissioners who waited upon James at Newmarket to plead for the privileges of parliament. The King in a fit of ill-temper exclaimed as they entered the Royal presence, "Set twal chairs; here be twal kings coming." The sarcasm was truer than the Royal pedant suspected.

The death of James and the accession of Charles fomented the discords which were already agitating the nation. Pym, who was again returned to parliament, at once took the lead in the House. His eloquence as an orator, his extraordinary skill as a party leader, and his profound knowledge of legal precedents, were invaluable to the Commonwealth men, and made him the most dreaded foe of the Royalists. His courage was at least equal to his ability. He was leader in the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, and his speech on the occasion has often been quoted as a model of parliamentary eloquence. One sentence told upon his hearers with

* Dr. Stephen Marshall, in his Funeral Sermon, preached before both Houses of Parliament.

immense effect. He had been charging the favourite with embezzlement and peculation of public money to an unprecedented amount. "Notwithstanding this," he exclaimed, "he hath confessed before both Houses of Parliament to be indebted £100,000 more. *If this be true, how can we hope to satisfy his immense prodigality? If false, how can we hope to satisfy his covetousness?*"

The daring malcontent was thrown into prison by the King, and was only released on his return to the Long Parliament as member for Tavistock. His power and influence in this assembly and throughout the country were so great that he came to be known as King Pym—a nickname first contemptuously given him by his enemies, but speedily adopted by his friends.

Shortly after the meeting of parliament he made a speech two hours in length, stating the grievances of the Commons, and demanding redress. Amongst the things complained of was the favour shown to Roman Catholics and to the party in the Church, by whom "divers popish doctrines and ceremonies have been not only practised, but countenanced, yea, little less than enjoined, as altars, images, crucifixes, bowings, and other gestures, which put upon our churches a shape and face of Popery;" and he warned his hearers that when the outward forms of Popery had been introduced the spirit would soon follow. Having disavowed the wish for repressive and persecuting edicts against the Romanists, and defined the extent to which, in his judgment, legal action might be taken, he proceeded with remarkable eloquence and vigour to point out the baneful influence of Papal error.

"The principles of Popery are such as are incompatible with any other religion. There may be a suspension of violence for some time in certain respects; but the ultimate end even of that moderation is that they may, with more advantage, extirpate that which is opposite to them. Laws will not restrain them. Oaths will not. The Pope can dispense with these; and, where there is occasion, his command will move them to the disturbance of the realm against their own private disposition, yea, against their own reason and judgment, to obey him, to whom they have, especially the Jesuitical party, absolutely and entirely obliged themselves, not only in spiritual matters, but in temporal. Henry III and Henry IV of France were no Protestants themselves, yet were they murdered because they tolerated the Protestants. The King and the kingdom can have no security but in their weakness and disability to do hurt."

The history of fifteen centuries proves and illustrates these words.

The conflict between the two great parties in the State had hitherto been carried on in the courts of law and the parliament. They were now, however, preparing to close for their final struggle. Strafford, who had left his early friends and gone over to the side of the King, was organising his resources to sustain the Royal authority and put down the parliament by armed force. The Puritan leaders resolved upon his impeachment for high treason. Pym's speech upon the occasion was a masterpiece. It abounded in those weighty aphorisms which gave such a concentrated power to his oratory. The following are some of the sentences from this famous harangue:—

"Truth and goodness, my lord, are the beauty of the soul; they are the image and character of God upon his creatures. This beauty, evil spirits and evil men have lost; but yet there are none so wicked but they desire to march under the show and shadow of it, though they hate the reality."

"It is the greatest baseness of wickedness, that it dares not

appear in its own colours, nor be seen in its natural countenance. But virtue, as it is amiable in all respects, so the least is not this, that it puts a nobleness and a bravery upon the mind, and lifts it above hopes and fears, above favour and displeasure; making it always uniform and constant to itself."

"They that strive not to build up men's souls in a spiritual way, let them then build all the material churches that can be, they will do no good. God is not worshipped with walls, but he is worshipped with hearts."

"Shall it be treason to embase the King's coin, though it be but a piece of twelve-pence or six-pence? And must it not need be the effect of a greater treason to embase the spirit of the King's subjects, and set a stamp and character of slavery upon them, whereby they shall be disabled to do anything for the service of the King and the Commonwealth?"

The impeachment of Laud speedily followed that of Strafford, and again Pym was appointed by the Commons to conduct the case against the Archbishop. This he did with his accustomed vigour and ability. Laud, however, was not sent to the scaffold at once. He was confined in the Tower, and no further proceedings were taken against him whilst Pym remained at the head of affairs.

The Grand Remonstrance and the King's abortive attempt to seize the leaders of the Commons in spite of the privileges of parliament speedily followed. In all these transactions Pym played the most conspicuous part. The breach between the two great parties in the kingdom had now grown so wide that reconciliation and compromise were impossible. An appeal to arms was inevitable, and on August 22, 1642, Charles raised his standard at Nottingham. The fortune of war was at first decidedly in favour of the King. Battle after battle was lost by the parliament, or ended only in a victory so doubtful as to be scarcely less damaging than defeat. One stronghold after another was captured or surrendered. The feeble and half-hearted went over in crowds to the winning side. Of those who still professed allegiance to the parliament, not a few embarrassed their leaders by timid counsels and proposals for a compromise. But Pym, and those who acted with him, stood undismayed. Both then and since opinions have differed as to the wisdom and justice of the course taken by the parliament in opposition to the King. But even those who judge the Roundheads most severely, cannot withhold their admiration from the courage, steadfastness, and ability displayed by Pym and his colleagues at this juncture. He toiled incessantly in the work to which he had devoted himself. From three in the morning till evening, and then, after a brief interval of repose, till midnight, he was found at his post. At length he sank beneath the crushing load, and on December 8, 1643, he died at Derby House. "A little before his end," says Dr. Stephen Marshall, in his funeral sermon preached before parliament, "having recovered out of a swoon, seeing his friends weeping around him, he cheerfully told them 'he had looked death in the face, and knew and therefore feared not the worst it could do, assuring them that his heart was filled with more comfort and joy which he felt from God than his tongue was able to utter'; and whilst a reverend minister was at prayer with him, he quietly slept with God."

He received the honour of a public funeral, and "was buried," says Clarendon, "with wonderful pomp and magnificence in that place where the bones of our English kings and princes are committed to their rest." But after the Restoration his bones, with those of Admiral Blake, Cromwell's mother, and others, were torn from their graves and

thrown into a pit. Those of Cromwell and the regicides were likewise exhumed, and were hung in chains by the returning Royalists. Baxter, in his "Saints' Everlasting Rest," does not hesitate to include Pym in his list of worthies who have "kept the faith." "Surely," he says, "Pym is now a member of a more knowing, unerring, well-ordered, right-aiming, self-denying, unanimous, honourable, triumphant Senate than that from whence he was taken."*

GHOSTS AND GHOST LORE.

XI.

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOSTS.

Ghosts are introduced in several of Shakespeare's plays. Whatever subject he touched, either in nature or life, is sure of having light thrown upon it by his wisdom and genius. Let us briefly review the chief passages of ghost lore in his writings.

Those which will occur to every reader are, the ghost in Hamlet, Julius Cæsar's ghost, Banquo's ghost, and the ghosts which appeared to Richard III and to Richmond in the night before Bosworth Field.

Taking these notable instances, while all of them are marked by wonderful dramatic effect, some of them are used solely for this purpose, while others display the deep knowledge of human nature in which Shakespeare excels all other writers.

To begin with the most familiar and popular of these creations of his fancy, the ghost of Hamlet's father. No one thinks of this personage, this *dramatis persona*, being more than the result of poetical license, and produced for dramatic effect. Shakespeare took advantage of the popular superstition and prevailing belief of the time in which he wrote, and of the people who witnessed his scenes. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it, every ruined castle and ancient mansion was haunted, few would be ashamed to admit having "seen a spirit." The credulity lasts down to our own day, but science and education have so far leavened the popular mind that a writer would scarcely now bring upon the stage a ghost like that of Hamlet's father, truncheon in hand and armed *cap-à-pié*, yet vanishing at the crowing of the cock; as the air shadowy and invulnerable, yet coming "in such a questionable shape" as to hear Hamlet's inquiries and reply in long speeches.

But three hundred years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, the incongruities were less striking to the popular taste. The people believed in ghosts, "questionable" and conversible as well as visible, and the poet made use of the popular belief. We may apply to the ghost of Hamlet the criticism which Dr. Johnson gives on the witches in Macbeth:—"In order to make a true estimate of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should let the action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the

nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience."

So much for the ghost in Hamlet.

Another notable ghost in Shakespeare is that of Julius Cæsar, appearing to Brutus in his tent:—

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well, then, I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

The ghost vanishes, and the servants being called say they saw nothing. But the speaking of the ghost classes it with that of Hamlet's father, as mainly a piece of stage effect, for the wonderment of the groundlings, or the "galleries," as we would now say, though not the less attesting the wonderful dramatic power and skill of the poet.

Far different is the ghost of Banquo at the feast. Seen by Macbeth, it is unseen by the guests, unseen by Lady Macbeth, though she knew well something was imaged by his fear, and to him a real vision.

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

He wondered how the guests could behold such sights and not be blanched with fear.

What sights, my lord?

It is but a momentary fit; my lord is often thus, and hath been from his youth.

The explanation of Lady Macbeth shows the ghost of Banquo to be in her husband's imagination only, and therefore no subject for artistic or dramatic representation, though often made visible by stupid artists and stage managers.

So also in King Richard III, the introduction of ghosts is not to tickle the popular credulity of audience or spectators, but to develop and exhibit the workings of the mind in the representation of character. On the night before Bosworth Field, Shakespeare makes ghosts appear both to Richard and to Richmond. Their messages are as different as the frame of mind in which each lay down to seek the sleep thus disturbed.

Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit

Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

So he is left with his wine and his watch-light and his troubled thoughts.

Richmond's last words are words of prayer:—

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye.

To Thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

* From "British Heroes and Worthies." With Portraits. Religious Tract Society. The portraits are copies of original pictures, some of which were at the National Portrait Exhibition. The memoirs are by the Revs. Dr. Stoughton, S. Manning, and R. Demaus.

Then come the ghost-like dreams, led by Prince Edward saying to Richard—

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury. Despair, therefore, and die!

But to Richmond—

Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wronged souls
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf:
King Harry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The ghosts of King Henry VI and Clarence, of the two young princes and Queen Anne, Buckingham, Rivers, Grey, and many more, appear in succession, muttering threats to Richard and whispering comfort to Richmond. When the king starts out of his sleep the ghosts vanish, but his tumultuous thoughts continue. When Ratcliff enters he tells him he had "dreamed a fearful dream."

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

But shadows that night struck more terror than the substance of ten thousand soldiers armed in proof. Though these ghosts came but in a dream, they were as truly visible to the soul of the king as if he had seen them with his waking eyes. Do we not in dreams really *see* things, whose shape we distinguish, and can describe, and can reproduce, though never impressed on the retina or conveyed by the optic nerve from without? To the person that sees them, therefore, ghosts have a real, sometimes terribly real, though not material existence.

XII.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Before we answer that question we must ask, "What do you mean by a ghost?"

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, gives two definitions—(1) *Ghost*, the soul of man.

Vex not his ghost, O let him pass.—*King Lear*.

(2) *Ghost*, a spirit appearing after death.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
And armed Edwards looked with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes.—*Dryden*.

A ghost, then, may mean the soul of man, or indeed any spiritual existence, being merely the old Saxon word for the Latin spirit. None but materialists or infidels, modern Sadducees who say "There is neither angel nor spirit," will deny a belief in ghosts in this sense.

But this use of the word has become nearly obsolete, and in common language a ghost means not simply a disembodied spirit, but "a spirit appearing after death."

Among the ignorant and vulgar the word has, indeed, a far wider significance, including all manner of mysterious or unaccountable sights and sounds. The vast bulk of ghost-stories relate to such objects, and belief in them is only a measure of popular ignorance and credulity. Many an old ruin is believed by a whole country-side to be haunted, yet the only "ghosts" may be hooting owls. Many a waste place is reputed "uncanny" because passers have been frightened by a will-o'-the-wisp. A very little

knowledge of natural science effectually disposes of a world of ghosts and ghost stories.

Many other ghosts owe credence not to want of scientific knowledge, but simply to ignorance of the facts of the case. The tipsy sexton in his white smock, stumbling among the tombstones on a moonlight night, but for his recognition by the rector might have been the hero of a wonderful ghost story. Many sights and sounds in common life are regarded as supernatural only because their causes are unknown.

With regard to the appearance of spirits after death, there is certainly a large amount of popular credulity. Of this credulity, which is not confined to the poor and ignorant, advantage is taken by fraud and imposture. That the spirits of the departed can not only appear, but can be made to appear at the will of the living, is believed by the numerous class who call themselves Spiritualists. The exhibitions of spirit-rapping, and the spiritual séances of which we have heard much in recent years, give lamentable proof of credulity among the wealthier classes of society, far more discreditable than the vulgar belief in ghosts among the ignorant poor. It is not surprising that clever operators and "professors" flourish at the expense of the numerous people who call themselves Spiritualists.

Populus vult decipi et decipiat.

There remain for discussion only the cases where the forms of the departed are affirmed to have appeared spontaneously and unexpectedly. Of this class is the case narrated by Lord Brougham, that which we have given as the Blomberg ghost story, and others of similar kind. These are so numerous and well authenticated that they cannot be dismissed as the result of fraud or deception. They are really believed, and are told in good faith by the narrators. Let us therefore examine the matter with calm reason.

It is to be observed at the outset that the appearance of a spirit, *as a spirit*, is simply impossible. "The eye cannot discern, nor the ear hear" spiritual existences. The very idea and definition of spirit implies that it cannot be perceived by the bodily senses. To become visible or audible it must be clothed with some material form. Spirits cannot produce vibrations of ether, or waves of air, so as to produce the sensations in the human body by which material objects are perceived. The appearance of a ghost, or a disembodied spirit, therefore, is contrary to the laws of nature. To be perceived it must be "embodied," or joined to some material substance. But if thus embodied it becomes necessarily visible, or otherwise perceptible, to others as well as to the person who narrates its appearance. Now in almost all the stories of apparitions there has been nothing of this substantial form recorded. To use a familiar metaphysical distinction, they have been subjective, not objective. To the question, *where* they are seen, the answer is in the words of Hamlet—

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

There is no need to dispute the statements, or to doubt the veracity, of the narrators of such occurrences; the difference is only as to the true explanation of the appearances. The sum of the whole matter is that we believe in ghosts in the same manner that we believe in dreams, visions, and other phenomena which belong to psychology rather than to physical science.

Varieties.

POST-OFFICE REVENUE.—The gross revenue of the Post-office in 1870 was £4,929,475, of which £184,093 was for commission on money orders; the cost of the service was £3,435,865—£1,737,768 for conveyance of mails at home and abroad, and £1,698,097 for collection, delivery, and management; the net revenue was £1,493,610. In the five years 1861-65 the net revenue averaged £1,001,763 a year; in the years 1866-70, £1,407,046.

A NEW YORK WEDDING.—New York papers described a wedding this summer which surpassed in display most ceremonies of the kind. The bride was daughter of one of the noted public men of the city, Mr. William Tweed, familiarly known as "Bill Tweed." The ceremony was performed at Trinity Chapel at 7 p.m. The aisles were crowded with fashionable ladies, all in full dress, and the confusion of white arms and shoulders, elegant laces and valuable jewellery, was perfectly bewildering. The bride wore a dress of white gros grain, with a train three and a half yards in length, and trimmed with real point lace, costing near \$4,000. The price of the material and labour required in making and trimming this dress was \$1,000, making, with the lace, a total cost of \$5,000. After the ceremony the invited guests entered their carriages to the music of selections from the *Prophète*, and drove to the residence of the bride's father. The decorations of the house presented a marvellous scene of floral magnificence. . . The presents were displayed in the front-room on the second storey, and occupied the entire four sides. Such a wealth of bridal gifts was never before seen at a metropolitan wedding. They represented over half a million dollars in value. Laces, turquoises, pearls, diamonds, gold, silver, and everything else of value, reposed in satin or velvet on every side, vying with each other in brilliancy and beauty. Should the young couple ever become bankrupt in greenbacks or in gold or silver coin, all they have to do is to open a first-class jewellery store. The dinner was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Delmonico's establishment, which had been occupied for two days exclusively in getting it up. The trousseau of the bride was superb. It comprised fourteen other dresses; the total cost of five of them (described) was \$3,700.

RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.—In Russell Street were situated the famous coffee-houses "Will's," "Button's," and "Ton's." Dryden's is the great name to which "Will's" owes its fame. Here for many years his chair filled the place of honour—by the fireside in winter and in the balcony corner in summer. "Button's" belongs to the next generation, and was the favourite resort of the wits and poets of the Augustan age. Here Addison was wont to dine, "to stay for five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night." Pope says, "I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me; it hurt my health, and so I quitted it." At No. 8 in the same street lived Tom Davis, the bookseller, in whose back-parlour Boswell first saw Johnson, and, to his despair, was most sharply snubbed; hard by in Bow Street, Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Radcliffe were neighbours and quarrelled about a doorway through their garden wall. Kneller sent word that he would wait it up. "Tell him," said Radcliffe, "he may do anything but paint it." "Tell Dr. Radcliffe," retorted Kneller, "that I will take anything from him but his physic."

RIGHTS OF LABOUR AND THEIR LIMITS.—The workman is fully entitled to let out his property—which happens to be manual labour—on any terms that he thinks fit to accept, or to refuse any terms to which he may object. He is equally free to adopt any means that may seem good to him—always, however, within the law—in persuading his fellow-workmen to follow his example. If he objects to a master's rules, terms, politics, religion, habits, personal appearance, or anything else that is his, he may decline to work for such an employer, and he need not even assign any reason beyond his own sweet will. He is bound to recognise the same liberty in his neighbours. To the employer a similar freedom is allowed. He may close his works, dismiss a man or any number of men, refuse to engage certain other men, act on one rule one year and on a totally different rule the next, and he need not even give a reason for his doings. If he chooses to follow impulse, there is nothing in the modern conditions of society to prevent him—always, of course, within the law. Now, if the Newcastle engineers apply these rules, they will see to what extent they have offended. The same arrangement which leaves them free to strike leaves others free to take their place, and a master who may choose to engage a Belgian or a Cornishman in preference to a Northumbrian is

absolutely guiltless of any offence against law, decorum, or society. The workman who has struck has only one legal weapon to resist this action of the employers: he may endeavour "peaceably and in a reasonable manner, and without threat or intimidation," to persuade stranger artisans against listening to the persuasives addressed by the capitalist—argument against argument, he may do his best or worst. The Act which was passed last session punishes violence, threats, molestation, or obstruction employed by workmen towards workmen; and as the clause which defines these offences is both precise and comprehensive, matters have already gone hard with a good many engineers on strike, who have not only hindered other workmen, but have systematically and brutally assaulted them, endangering both life and property. When honest, industrious labourers cannot walk home in the evenings or to work in the mornings, except at peril of life; when employers whose only fault is the assertion of freedom in contract between man and man, are threatened with the direst vengeance; when mob despotism is attempted, and the peaceable civic population has to welcome the military as its protectors, it is quite clear that the violation of the statute law includes an outrage against the very basis of social order.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN AMERICA.—The children attending the schools belong to all classes of society, not chiefly the poor, as with us. The school-rooms are generally fitted up in a far more convenient and tasteful manner than those in England. They have also better lending libraries, at least with larger numbers of books. Mr. Denbigh, Secretary of the London Sunday School Teachers' Association visited America last year, and reported the superiority of the schools over those in England in many points.

PRIZE-FIGHTERS IN NEW YORK.—Judge Dowling fined two prize-fighters \$1,000 each, and gave them a year in the penitentiary to boot. The members of the fraternity were much astonished, many of them thinking they could do as they pleased in the United States.

SABBATH REST.—I look upon the Sabbath day as a day of holy, physical, and mental recreation; I look upon it as a day of which you must devote a good part to the worship and service of Almighty God; but I look upon it as a day that you may devote to many family affections, to many family duties, to social intercourse, to many little innocent enjoyments; and if there is anything on the face of the earth that to my mind is more beautiful than another, it is on the Sabbath day, under the bright sun and on a glowing evening, to see the working man with his wife on his arm and his children behind him, all disporting themselves under the open canopy of heaven. I ask you now to look at this picture. I know we have it in London, and I hope you have it here in Glasgow: Donald going out of an evening, with his Jeannie upon his arm, nice and neat, in her cap and kirtle, and all the bairns round about them enjoying themselves. Then they go home, then they have to examine the Bible, then they read a chapter of the Word of God, then they join in the common prayer, when they retire to bed, and Donald rises next day and resumes his working clothes full of confidence and joy, because he knows that he has spent well the Sabbath, and that God will be with him for the ensuing week. It is impossible in looking over the old race of human life—it is impossible for those who will be candid to admit the truth for them not to see and confess the wisdom of the Sabbath, of the institution of the Lord's-day. A rest of one day in seven is so necessary, so true, and so wise, that it could not possibly have sprung from any human origin, but must have come down as a revelation, as an ordinance from heaven. Those who are most engaged in works of toil, whether it be of the brain or of the hand, call out for repose, and if it be said that rest is necessary to the human mind and the human body, I ask you if there ever was a period in the history of the world, in the history of this nation, when it was more necessary than at the present moment! Is it not an observation of every one that we are living with immense rapidity? Is it not an observation of every one that we are crowding into a year the events of a century? Is it not an observation of every one that the mad competition of trade keeps every one upon tenter hooks, keeps every one in the furnace, keeps every one in such a state of excitement that the nervous system is shaken? Everybody knows that in the days in which we live the moral system, the intellectual system, is more greatly disturbed than ever, owing to the wild competition in every department of trade and art in which men's minds are so busily engaged.—*Lord Shaftesbury at Glasgow*.